They are Perſian attire, but let them be chang'd.
Kent. Now good my Lord lie here awhile.
Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the curtains, ſo, ſo, ſo,
Weele go to ſupper i'th morning, ſo, ſo, ſo, — *Enter Gloſter.*
Gloſt. Come hither friend, where is the King my maiſter.
Kent. Here ſir, but trouble him not his wits are gon.
Gloſt. Good friend I prithy take him in thy armes,
I haue or'e heard a plot of death vpon him;
Ther is a Litter ready, lay him in't, & driue towards Douer frend,
Where thou ſhalt meet both welcome & protection, take vp thy
If thou ſhould'ſt dally halfe an houre, his life with thine (maſter,
And all that offer to defend him ſtand in aſſured loſſe;
Take vp to keepe and followe me that will to ſome prouiſion
Giue thee quicke conduct.
Kent. Oppreſſed nature ſleepes,
This reſt might yet haue balmed thy broken ſinewes,
Which if conuenience will not alow ſtand in hard cure;
Come helpe to beare thy maiſter, thou muſt not ſtay behind.
Gloſt. Come, come away. *Exit.*
Edg. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes; we ſcarcely thinke, our miſeries, our foes.
" Who alone ſuffers ſuffers, moſt it'h mind;
Leauing free things and happy ſhowes behind,
But then the mind much ſufferance doth or'e ſcip,
When griefe hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip:
How light and portable my paine ſeemes now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow.
He childed as I fathered, *Tom* away,
Marke the high noyſes and thy ſelfe bewray,
When falſe opinion whoſe wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy iuſt proofe repeals and reconciles thee;
hap What will hap more to night, ſafe ſcape the King,
Lurke, lurke.
Enter Cornwall, and Regan, and Gonoril, and Baſtard. (letter
Corn. Poſt ſpeedily to my Lord your husband, ſhew him this
The army of France is landed, ſeeke out the vilaine *Gloſter.*
Regan. Hang him inſtantly.
Gon. Plucke out his eyes. (company
Corn.

Corn. Leaue him to my diſpleaſure, *Edmũd* keep you our ſiſter
(company.
The reuenge we are bound to take vpon your trayterous father,
Are not fit for your beholding, aduiſe the Duke where you are
To a moſt feſtiuant preparatiõ, we are bound to the like, (going
Our poſt ſhall be ſwift and intelligence betwixt vs,
Farewell deere ſiſter, farewell my Lord of *Gloſter*, *loq. ad Edmundu*
How now whers the King? *Enter Steward.*
Stew. My Lord of *Gloſter* hath conueyd him hence, *coy ſtrills*
Some fiue or ſixe and thirtie of his Knights hot queſtrits after
him, met him at gate, who with ſome other of the Lords dependants are gone with him towards Douer, where they boaſt to haue well armed friends.
Corn. Get horſes for your miſtris.
Gon. Farewell ſweet Lord and ſiſter. *Exit Gon. and Baſt.*
Corn. *Edmund* farewell: goe ſeeke the traytor *Gloſter;*
Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,
Though we may not paſſe vpon his life
Without the forme of Iuſtice; yet our power
Shall doe a curteſie to our wrath, which men may blame
But not controule; whoſe there, the traytor?
Enter Gloſter brought in by two or three,
Reg. Ingratfull Fox tis hee.
Corn. Bind faſt his corkie armes.
Gloſt. What meanes your Graces? good my friends conſider,
You are my geſts, doe me no foule play friends.
Corn. Bind him I ſay,
Reg. Hard hard, O filthie traytor!
Gloſt. Vnmercifull Lady as you are, I am true.
Corn. To this chaire bind him, villaine thou ſhalt find---
Gloſt. By the kind Gods tis moſt ignobly done, to pluck me by the beard. *Reg.* So white, and ſuch a Traytor.
Gloſt. Naughty Ladie, theſe haires which thou doſt rauiſh from my chin
Will quicken and accuſe thee, I am your hoſt.
With robbers hands, my hoſpitable fauours
You ſhould not ruffell thus; what will you doe?
Corn. Come ſir, what letters had you late from *France?*
Reg. Be ſimple anſwerer, for we know the truth.